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View From The Mantel



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Chapter 1 by Rainyday

It was centuries ago when my wicked stepmother hired a witch to turn me into a doll. She laughed and said I was too beautiful to kill so they sprinkled me with porcelain dust and said those magic words and I remember the castle's sitting room grew so large around me and quickly my skin became solid and cold, just before my limbs became stiff I lifted my hand to my face creating the soft sound my teacup makes when I would place it back on its saucer. My Stepmother laughed merrily and studied me with awe.

Then the evil woman picked me up in one hand and walked me over to the mantel above a crisp burning fire. There was where she displayed her dolls, a fine collection renown throughout the kingdom. My father only ordered the best doll makers from afar to create her masterpieces, all dressed in the finest silks. She chose one removed it from it's stand and flung it behind her without so much as a glance back to see it's fate. It made the horrid sound a tea cup makes when it hits tiled floor. I cried a single tear as she placed me against the hard metal stand where the doll had stood.

She position my arms and head in the fashion of her choice then let out a joyous sigh. "She looks perfect right there, doesnt she Helda.?" She asked the aged witch standing hunched behind her. "Yesssss, your majesty.Perfect."

I witnessed much from my spot on the marble mantel. My father grieving my loss (I he was told I fell from the stone ramparts into the sea) for the many people come mourning his death that I saw the king and his courtiers and castle staff alike discussing politics, war, so many things I could not hear many a many of things when your eyes dont blink.

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Chapter 2 by Skeld



And you hear many things when your ears won't tire. Now, it happened that on my eighth century of my death-day, I heard my Step mother arguing with Helda. Yes, that is what I call that, death-day. For it was the the day that I died. Helda was furious with my Stepma, she walked into the room babbling and muttering under her breath. Behind her, like a black shadow, came my Stepma. They did not even notice me. But, I have accustomed to that. It really is helpful.

"How can you be with child, your majesty? People will grow suspicious!"

"Others have done so. Even my late husband took a new wife."

"Yessss. Yessss. But you are virtuous. At least that's what THEY think. You must not stain your white purity!"

"But I can...and I have! People will understand. You will see to that won't you, dear old Helda?" My Stepma asked menacingly.

Helda could only cringe and nod weakly. That was enough for her.

Then nearly a year passed uneventfully...

Then, one day, as I was eavesdropping on a few guards bickering about which tavern whore was the most skilled, I heard it.

It was faint, coming from another room, but I heard it like it was right beside me. A crying baby. It had just entered this mad world to be another victim. But, little did I know that, the baby was to be my savior.

Chapter 3 by Rainyday



When the child was brought into the large hall to be presented to some important Clergymen and Diplomats. I saw something in him I never thought I would see again. Recognition, In the small quivering head crown by dark curls his large eyes lay upon me with the look of a man who has seen me many times before. There was an electricity that could be felt at the moment those warm wise eyes met with mine. I felt another thing I thought never would feel again, was it hope? Yes there was some kind of magic at work I could feel it strong, old ancient magic that

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Chapter 4 by Fiery Blaze



But, unfortunately, my stepmother had already decided that the baby must die. She wanted to cause another of those "accidents", which she had already caused so many times!

I did not see my stepmother for another four days. When she had finally recovered, I heard her go straight to the little room where maids had placed the baby's cradle. Then the baby started wailing, and suddenly she came right into the room where I was, and had been for so many years...

She opened the window. A gulf of cold wind came rushing in the room. I could not feel it, being made out of porcelain, but my wicked stepmother's hair blew loudly, giving her a diabolical look. Only then did I understand her plan : she would throw the baby through the window, and into the sea, and no one would be the wiser. If one day someone found the baby's corpse, no one would ever recognise it...

Chapter 5 by Harriet Jones, MP, Flydale North



My stepmother looked down at the child, who she'd laid on the couch while she opened the window. He was suddenly and strangely silent. But he wasn't looking at my stepmother ... he was looking at me.

"Don't worry, my child. All will be as it should soon." My stepmother spoke in soothing tones that clashed with the malice of her intent.

She scooped up the baby. I gasped.

Aloud.

Stepmother must have heard it, although it was so soft that she was not able to place the sound or its origin. She did, however, whirl around and look about the room with thinly-veiled fear. Her eyes even alighted on the mantel above the fireplace, but her eyes only passed over me; they didn't stay. When she was satisfied, she turned back around.

The entire time, I kept perfectly still (which I realized that I actually needed to do, and it felt odd because I was so out of practice). I felt myself breathe a

silent sigh of relief. I could not see her face, but my chest and my shoulders were starting to

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The baby, which she had placed over her shoulder, continued watching me. I looked at it curiously, wondering 1) where I had seen those baby's eyes before, and 2) if this baby was the reason I was becoming animated. I had noticed that my abilities grew the more he looked at me. Was that the key?

And if that was the case . . . was this baby really a baby?

Write a draft for chapter 6 of 8

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